Ms race, on the stage, in music, and elsewhere, seems to have had an unerring instinct for the things which the Gentile only acquires by labour and training. The world he shows us in his novels is big and swelling, but only to a hasty judgment is it hollow.

Tennyson was more to rne than a magic-lantern shape, flitting across the blank of my young experience, never to return. The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library, and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail, and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time I only remember her lying on a sofa,

In the evenings I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to nie the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset, the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognise the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple.

A hat that I wore at Freshwater suddenly comes to my remembrance. It was a brown straw mushroom with a dull red feather round it. It was tied tinder my chin, and I still had my hair down.

It was easy enough to me to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything, although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical rdle. That Browning, with his carefully brushed hat,

smart coat,
and fine society manners was a poet, always
seemed to me
fax more incomprehensible than his poetry,
which I think
most people would have taken
straightforwardly and read
with a fair amount of ease, if certain
enthusiasts had not